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garden and orchard will afford us. Even here, and indeed wherever we step, we may find objects in plenty to employ the most inquisitive mind.

Put this rose, my pretty Charlotte, into your bosom. It is as pretty as yourself, but will not perhaps last so long. The rose, or indeed any other flower, is a very natural emblem of the shortness of human life. Like that rose, we blow in the morning, bloom at noon, and fade before night. That is, from the bloom of youth, we soon pass on to maturity, when a few more years put us in mind of old age.

What artist can paint to perfection any thing like those tulips, those fine carnations, and that bed of ranunculas? Those auriculas, which some through mistake call recklaces, are very beautiful, as well as those hyacinths, which are produced in Holland, and from thence sent over to this kingdom. View that lily, whose delicate whiteness is not surpassed by any thing

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thing in nature; and see those noble flowers and majestic holyoaks, which raise their lofty heads above the other flowers, and seem to look down on every thing beneath them, as kings look down upon their subjects!

Can any thing be more delightful than the view of that arbour, encircled on all sides with jessamines and honey-suckles! How delicately beautiful are the white and green of the jessamine, which seem to give an inexpressible additional lustre to the enchanting honeysuckle! What a fragrant smell they diffuse around them! It is probable, that it was in such arbours as these, that Adam and Eve passed their happy days of innocence.

All these flowers spring at first either from seeds, or from little roots taken from great ones. Many of the flowers you here see, were at first taken from hedges in the open fields, and being transplanted into richer soils, have acquired that beautiful state in which you

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